

newsletter



Matthew 22:36-40 (ESV)

³⁶ “Teacher, which is the great commandment in the Law?” ³⁷ And he said to him, “You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind. ³⁸ This is the great and first commandment. ³⁹ And a second is like it: You shall love your neighbor as yourself. ⁴⁰ On these two commandments depend all the Law and the Prophets.”

When God gave the Ten Commandments it wasn't to take freedom out of life, but to free us from the things that will. Things that bring us shame, guilt, oppression, awful regrets and low self-esteem. You need to understand that God is not about inflicting shame on us humans. He's about protecting us from the shame we do to ourselves, and He's about preserving our dignity, self-esteem, and self-worth. The Ten Commandments do just that. The **First Commandment says, “You shall have no other gods before Me.”**

According to Genesis 3:5 it was in the Garden of Eden when the serpent (the devil) came to Eve and lied to her by telling her that if you eat the fruit you'll be like God. She and Adam tried it and it failed miserably. Ever since, mankind tries in some way to be a little god for themselves. The result is a hunger in their hearts and souls for the God-given glory, self-esteem, self-worth and dignity which God originally gave when He created mankind — all that is restored by God through Jesus Christ by our faith in Him.

Sadly, most people instead of going to God to regain those valuable assets invent things to take their place. Those things usually make them uptight, fearful, mad, guilty, shameful, dirty, worried, tense, restless, dissatisfied, uncomfortable, and bored. Simply put, you'll never reach your full potential if you attempt to put other things, other gods, before the one true God of the Bible.

Jesus summed it up best when He said, “*Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind.*” How can you do that if you allow anything or anyone to come between you and your relationship with God?

Then God gave **Commandment Number Two: “You shall not make for yourself an idol.”** This is how we live out what we think of God and who He is to us. This is a big deal, because what we worship we become like. We're owned by it. We become its slaves. And that, my friends, will make, break, shape, change, enhance, destroy, build or tear down your dignity, self-esteem, and self-worth.

Who you are and how you see yourself is largely determined by what or who you worship. Worship God and Him only. He believes in you. You were made in His image – made to worship only Him. Sometimes you might be tempted to search for something else that offers relief, escape or a kind of hope because of what you're going through. Don't do it. Nothing else will satisfy. Everything else is less; it's false and destructive to your spiritual well-being. But when you worship and give yourself to the only one true God, the God of the Bible, the Creator God, you'll discover genuine hope, peace and freedom.

Live life full by keeping God first in your life.

In His Grip,
Pastor Tim



A Life Well Lived

Randy Lind

Tammy and I received some sad news this morning. Joshua contacted us to let us know that Don Romine died last night. I suspect this is a name that is unfamiliar to those reading this article. Don was my daughter-in-law, Ashley's grandfather. Before I met Don, I got to know about him through his granddaughter. It was obvious, whenever Ashley talked about her grandpa, that she loved him dearly. Ashley grew up in the same town as her grandpa and he is present in more memories than Ashley can number.

I first met Don when Josh and Ashley decided that their relationship was headed in a more serious direction. Tammy and I traveled to St. James, Missouri and Grandpa Don and Grandma Connie hosted a dinner for us to come, eat and meet all the family. Don and Connie were gracious and kind hosts. It did not take long to see why Ashley loved her grandpa so. He was a very kind and gentle man that loved to tease.

You could tell he took special pleasure in teasing his grandchildren. I was not around Don very long before I was the recipient of a knowing wink and a joyful grin. You see, during the family gatherings I got to be part of, Don would find something to tease one of the kids about. As the teasing was taking place, he would sometimes look at me, wink and grin, as if to say, "This is one of my favorite things to do." I have no doubt that a lifetime of good-natured teasing that Ashley received from her grandpa, along with many other words and acts of kindness, spoke loud and clear of how Don cherished his granddaughter.

Because of the distance that separated us, I did not have many opportunities to be with Don, but the few times I was able to be, Don was a wonderful example of what a grandpa needs to be. I do hope some of that rubbed off on me during those times.

Don is survived by his equally-kind and gracious wife of many years, Connie. Connie will miss the love of her life immensely. And not only is she dealing with this loss but she is also struggling with some severe health issues of her own. If, after reading this, you would be willing to lift a prayer for Connie, Ashley and all the family, I know they would appreciate it very much.

The good news is Don was a believer in Jesus Christ and is now experiencing a joy and peace he could not have imagined while on this earth. I know his family finds much comfort in that fact. I do thank the Lord for the opportunity to know Don Romine and the example he was to me, and many others, of how to love your family. Rest in peace in the presence of your Lord, Grandpa Don.



Welcome Back to...

Glenn Koster

Walk to a Lifeline

For we **walk**
by **Faith** and
Not by **Sight**.

11 Cor. 5:7



Growing up I was one of those weird kids who looked forward to going back to school. Not only did the celebration mean that I would be able to see kids I had not seen in a while, it also meant that life was back to normal. It seemed that I was always involved in something at school. Between sports (even though I was never very good), stamp club, science club, and various speech activities, I was always busy.

Other than my sophomore year, it was also the only likely time I would get new clothes. My sophomore year was unique because my parents could not keep me in clothes that fit, a side effect of growing more than ten inches in one school year.

Not only did school start, but events at church began to kick up again. In our church, Sunday School and youth groups both went on summer vacation when we did. Sunday morning worship times changed. The fall brought everything back into alignment.

Some ten years ago, a movement started in our country to designate the second Sunday of September as National Back to Church Sunday. Many have drifted away from the church. Some quit coming simply because of the pull of summer. Others had stopped going for more personal reasons ranging from feeling out of place to being unfulfilled. Others quit coming simply because they have lost their faith.

National Back to Church Sunday is envisioned as a chance for the church to welcome everyone back, no questions asked and no judgements offered. It is a chance for the church to become relevant again in an increasingly hostile world.

For those in the church, the arrival of fall means something else as well. It means that it's time to get back to work! With opportunities to serve cranking up again and the chance to welcome old friends back to church, we must roll up our sleeves and be prepared to serve as God calls.

Of course, for many the service for Christ never ends – even in the summer. When fall rolls around, it's a new opportunity to become overloaded. Always remember not to be overwhelmed, overworked, or overextended. Pastor Steve Chiles reminded those who read his daily devotional "God's Word for You Today" that even Christ withdrew to lonely places and prayed.

Welcome back to fall
and normal life!





Just A Thought

What you say to me, I believe

By
Cindy
Hogan

This summer I had the opportunity to participate in a Bible Study using Ann Voskamp's *The Broken Way*. It turned out to be much more enriching than I had even expected, possibly because I began it partially to simply support one member whose son has painfully alienated himself from her and her husband. I wanted to help her as she worked through this "brokenness." After all, I'm not broken, right?

Well...

Amy Carmichael was right when she said, "He has not traveled far, he who has no scars." That is to say, buddy, if you've lived at all, you've gotten beat up a bit. Not as eloquent as Amy, but true, nonetheless.

I am broken, and it's not a bad thing. Hard, but not bad. This suffering thing is pretty much a given at our birth, and a guarantee when we determine to walk Christ's way. The thing is, how we use our suffering, and how we anchor ourselves to, and lean on Christ as we journey through it, determine how richly we can bless and be blessed by our suffering. In addition, when we enter in, or share in the suffering of others, more abundance abounds. The concept was crazy foreign to me, but as the study progressed, I got it.

I became more intentional in listening to murmurings from the Holy Spirit, and responsive to it as I reached out to others' brokenness, and to simply reach out with intentional kindness for no reason. It was the most fulfilling thing I've done.

But there is one more aspect. I must also allow others to share in *my* brokenness, and *accept* their kindness. This, my friend, requires humbleness. I consider myself to be humble — I'm proud to say — but I guess I might have a few issues with accepting kindness. More specifically, compliments. It's ridiculous, I know. More than a couple years back during graduate school, a friend of mine brought this to my attention. When I would brush off a compliment, he would say, "Cindy, I paid you a compliment. Now, you say, 'Thank you.'" For the record, Dennis was kind of an annoying friend. But here I am, years later hearing his reproach, and thinking, "Was annoying Dennis actually right?"

As it turns out, he was. I guess it's annoying when people address problems we don't want to face. Not that I'd ever admit that to him, but, there it is.

So, I began to work on it. Holy Toledo. That was — and is — tough! I didn't realize how often I brushed off compliments until I became so ultra-conscious of it, and would have to stop myself, shut my mouth, and following Dennis's pious instruction: "Say 'thank you.'" It's not that I don't think I'm worthy of having nice things said about me, it's just that I know myself better than the complementor does. I want to say, "Wait, if you only knew..." or I want to move the credit along — "Oh, but did you see what SHE did?" I've had to come to terms with knowing I'm a joy-stealer. I know it blesses me to tell someone good things — not flattery, but sincerely sharing a compliment. So, why can't I let them be blessed in the same way?

I often do the same thing to God. I tell Him He must be so disappointed in me, what a creep I am, what a failure, how I just hate myself sometimes. But you know what? He really doesn't see that. He doesn't! When I accepted His offer to be my Savior, He no longer saw my now-forgiven sin. From that time on, God only saw me through Jesus's righteousness. That makes me pretty doggone special, and beautiful, and amazing in His eyes. I gotta say, I can hardly stand it. I get choked up just accepting that fact. It's just, wow.


A song by Lauren Daigel, "You Say," says it beautifully:

"You say I am loved, when I can't feel a thing.
You say I am strong, when I think I am weak.
You say I am held, when I am falling short.
When I don't belong, You say I am Yours.
And I believe! What you say to me, I believe."

So, let me just say, Thank you.



September 2018

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	
						1	
2 9:45 Common Ground 1:00 LIFE Outreach	 Labor Day	4 Prayer Group 9:30 am.	5	6	7 Ann Waskom	8	
9 9:45 Common Ground 1:00 LIFE Outreach	10	11 Prayer Group 9:30 am.	12	13	KANSAS STATE FAIR		
16 9:45 Common Ground 1:00 LIFE Outreach Karen Fager	17	18 Prayer Group 9:30 am Diane Bretches	19	20 Church Council 6:30	21 Christiana Martinson	22	
30	23	24	25 Prayer Group 9:30 Angela Martinson	26	27	28	29

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Terry George, Administrator

Tim Yates, Young Adult Pastor

Glenn Koster, Associate Pastor

Laine Alex Moore, Administrative Assistant

Charlcie Koster, Administrative Assistant

Tim Nisly, Custodian

HAPPY LABOR DAY



Have we lost the spirit of Labor Day?

Today Labor Day is no longer about trade unionists marching down the street with banners and their tools of trade. Instead, it is a confused holiday with no associated rituals.

The original holiday was meant to handle a problem of long working hours and no time off. Although the battle over these issues would seem to have been won long ago, this issue is starting to come back with a vengeance, not for manufacturing workers but for highly skilled white-collar workers, many of whom are constantly connected to work.

If [you work all the time](#) and never really take a vacation, start a new ritual that honors the original spirit of Labor Day. Give yourself the day off. Don't go in to work. Shut off your phone, computer and other electronic devices connecting you to your daily grind. Then go to a [barbecue](#), like the original participants did over a century ago, and celebrate having at least one day off from work during the year!

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